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troversy on this matter raged with great fury, and Teutonic amenities flew fiercely from both camps; pure exhaustion only seems to have stilled the storm, for no sufficient agreement was reached to serve as the basis of a treaty of peace. The Delbrück appearance in the fray only widened the circle of spectators without adding views or material of moment, and the reappearance now of these arguments only suggests reflections on the standards of heroism and statesmanship that were made the prevailing ones in Germany by the glamor of the Bismarckian triumphs. That after his seizure of Silesia the great Frederic should have thought to be content to spend the rest of his days or even a few years in replenishing his resources, developing peaceful industry, and assimilating the new population is declared to stamp him as a weakling if not a fool. Only by crediting him with the intention of proceeding shortly to the improvement of the connections between Brandenburg and Silesia by the seizure of Saxony can his claim to greatness be sustained. And so Delbrück declares that he started in 1755 to bring on war that he might seize Saxony, and declines to regard his reputation as in any wise impaired by the trivial facts that (from this point of view) he entirely failed and that he had entirely miscalculated the situation. For did he not thus furnish the German youth of the future with whole pages of exploits?

It is doctrine of this sort that Denis has probably had in mind in declaring in his recent book on Germany that the German cry for war in 1870 was largely due to the production by the university teaching of a youth that "n'a qu'un credo: la conviction de la supériorité de la vertu et de la science germaniques; qu'une religion: la force; qu'un besoin: la domination".

VICTOR COFFIN.

Frederick York Powell, a Life; and a Selection from his Letters and Occasional Writings. By OLIVER ELTON. (Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1906. Two vols., pp. xvi, 461; xvi, 464.)

It is unusual for a reviewer in the AMERICAN HISTORICAL REVIEW to use the first person singular in reviewing a new book, and the writer of this review in the course of nearly thirty years of writing reviews has never done such a thing before. But the editors of the AMERICAN HISTORICAL REVIEW may be pleased to make an exception in this case, since the reviewer was not only an intimate friend of the late professor of history at Oxford, whose life has just been published, but believes that he has certain criticisms to offer which can only be justified by an assertion of personal recollections, of which the value must lie in the credibility of the writer.

To sum up rapidly the value of the work, it may be stated at once that the life of York Powell well deserved to be written, and that it has been written in a tactful and interesting fashion. The many-sidedness of the man has been well brought out; the attractive nature of his personality is excellently displayed; the facts of his career are correctly

noted; his fugitive work has been tastefully brought together; and all the friends of York Powell—and he had a genius for friendship—will be grateful to Mr. Elton for placing this memorial of their departed friend in their hands. A review article is not the place in which to summarize the facts of York Powell's life; these are to be found in his biography. But a review article is the only place in which the importance of his work as a professor of history can be criticized and estimated, and it is upon this subject that the present reviewer believes he has something worth the saying.

Mr. Elton, as I have said, has excellently put together the facts of York Powell's life, and has brought out with particular skill the latter years of that life, after his appointment to the Regius Professorship of Modern History at Oxford, in succession to Froude, in 1894. My intimacy with Powell began in 1882 and continued until 1894 when I came to America. I well remember the beginning of his acquaintance with Mr. Elton, and can therefore state that I have some qualifications to discuss the development of York Powell's ideas as to history in the years before he made Mr. Elton's acquaintance. Others, like his friend and successor in the chair of history, Mr. C. H. Firth, might have contributed something along this line to Mr. Elton's biography of York Powell, but I believe that I am right in saying that he discussed history at greater length with me than with any one else during those formative years. I can remember many long sessions, when I was his guest at Christ Church, in which we discussed the new developments in the trade of a historian, and I witnessed his gradual conversion from a somewhat romantic idealism and even from a tampering with the so-called philosophy of history into the strenuous assertion of the modern views of the historian's work, which is so well set forth in certain papers reprinted by Mr. Elton in the first section of his second volume. When I first knew York Powell he was a law tutor at Christ Church with a prodigious memory, a vast fund of miscellaneous knowledge, and an instinct for the scientific investigation of the truth. But he was not yet a historian. His scientific training had been acquired by his studies with Vigfusson in preparing the *Corpus Poeticum Boreale*, and his trend of thought was rather toward Icelandic scholarship than historical work. But during the twelve years in which I saw much of him, and especially after Vigfusson's death, he turned more and more toward history, and alike in his reviewing work for the *Manchester Guardian* and in his semi-editorial work for the Clarendon Press, as for instance upon Sir James Ramsay's *Lancaster and York*, he began to consider the principles upon which history should be written. Since he had never had any regular historical training, he had to work out those principles for himself. Beginning in the early eighties with a distinct interest in the philosophy of history and some rather fanciful ideas as to the duties of a historian, the rigor of his training with Vigfusson and of his own law studies turned him more and more toward the practical duties of a historian in discovering and stating the truth.

This change in his point of view was not due to any individual influence, but he fought it out for himself, and as I was then engaged in active historical work and was fighting out the same battle for myself, we naturally spent much time in discussing this matter. It is difficult to imagine in these days of historical seminars, in which Langlois and Seignobos's *Introduction to the Study of History* and Bernheim's *Lehrbuch der historischen Methode* are in daily use, the extent of the isolation of Oxford historical scholars twenty-five years ago from the great movement of scientific history upon the continent of Europe. Stubbs indeed was Regius Professor of Modern History, but we had to gather his method from his work and not from direct instruction; learned historical students there were among our history tutors like C. W. Boase and G. W. Kitchin and J. Franck Bright, but they taught us more of historical facts than of historical criticism; brilliant young men there were, who have since fulfilled their early promise like C. H. Firth and J. H. Round and Reginald Lane Poole, but they were busy in laying the foundation of future erudition; some great historians there were, like Mandell Creighton and S. R. Gardiner, who visited Oxford but did not help its aspiring young historians; so that we had to work out our problems for ourselves. It was York Powell who first set me to a task of historical work in pressing upon me the undertaking of a history of the French Revolution. I realize to-day the rashness of my attempt and with particular force the absurdity of my making such an attempt without any of the historical apparatus, which is now so liberally bestowed upon undergraduate students in a German or in an American university. But to the undertaking of that task I owe much of the long intercourse with York Powell in the days when he was working toward his theory of the duty of the historian. Of this struggle toward the light Mr. Elton, and with good reason, since he could know nothing of it, tells nothing in his life of York Powell. And yet the chief importance of York Powell's career lies in the fact that as successor of Froude he turned away from Froudacity to inculcate into the minds of friends and students the meaning and the method of the modern school of history. Stubbs indeed has left a larger historical monument behind him, but he never breathed into others, as York Powell did, during his professorship, the sense of the historian's duty to seek the truth without swerving to follow out a personal opinion. As Mr. Elton points out, York Powell used his personality as an immense incentive for getting work out of others; I doubt if there has ever been any Oxford man who has made others work so much as he did; I doubt if there has ever been a scholar who gave of his store of knowledge and of his originality of thought more help to others; and the multiplicity of his prefaces to other men's work is a proof of itself of the personality of a great teacher. Mr. Firth, as his successor, will find his work of bringing the study of history at Oxford up to date much lightened by the fact that York Powell went before him. This then was York Powell's true work, the turning of the point of

view of history in Oxford from the philosophical to the scientific standpoint, and so great were his services in this direction that I have felt it worth while to use the personal note and to dwell upon the development of York Powell's point of view in history during the formative years instead of merely summarizing the contents of Mr. Elton's book.

But I cannot leave the subject of York Powell without re-enforcing some of Mr. Elton's kindly appreciations. The York Powell of the eighties, when he was feeling his way, was the same man as the professor of the later period. He was the most helpful man that I have ever known, helpful in brains, in sympathy, and in purse; loving dearly and being loved dearly; the more lovable because of his prejudices and because of his sweet unconsciousness of his superiority to other men. I remember in particular one evening in his little old room in Christ Church before he moved to the comparative spaciousness of his later dwelling-place there, when Powell met in argument a group of specialists in history, as we should call them nowadays, and after vanquishing each of them in their own particular subjects set to work to dilate at length on the difference between the Deal and the Newcastle styles of prize-fighting and thereby reduced the rest of us to silence. Yet the effect he left upon his hearers was then, as always, a sense of admiration and not of the slightest resentment. Of his friends in those days, of Purcell in particular, whom he admired so heartily, there might have been more place made in Mr. Elton's biography, but the friends of York Powell need no biography to remind them of the friend that they have lost. I can personally confirm Mr. Elton's mild statement that York Powell was prejudiced against Jews and Roman Catholics and Americans. But his prejudice was general and not particular. Where he found a man in trouble or ready to work, York Powell forgot race and origin. Let Dr. Gross testify that his great work on *The Gild Merchant* would never have seen the light but for York Powell's hearty aid; let his friendship for Father Barry, the novelist, refute his hard words on Catholics; and let those American students who went to his rooms at Oxford bear testimony that his feeling against the United States never prevented his sympathy with individual American students. I confess that he never quite forgave my coming to America; we were neither of us good correspondents; but if there was anybody to be helped no one was more ready, even to write a letter, than York Powell. The last letter I ever received from him was about the son of a former friend of ours, upon whom he invoked the curse that fell upon Kipling's "Tomlinson." But this review has gone far enough; it has been written greatly against the grain, for to find one of one's contemporaries and intimates thought worthy of a biography seems a startling proof of oncoming old age; but it seemed to me that the readers of the *AMERICAN HISTORICAL REVIEW* from a reading of Mr. Elton's book could not place York Powell properly, or estimate his influence upon the study of history properly, unless some one who knew him as I did should set forth his greatest

achievement, his leadership in changing the trend of historical studies at Oxford. Nowhere can his views be better seen than in the brief preface he wrote to the translation of Langlois and Seignobos's *Introduction to the Study of History*. One little piece of information I may give Mr. Elton; the apologue of Froude which he admired so much (I. 171) was not "A Siding at a Railway Station", but "The Cat's Pilgrimage."

H. MORSE STEPHENS.

The International Law and Diplomacy of the Russo-Japanese War.

By AMOS S. HERSHEY, Ph.D., Professor of Political Science and International Law in Indiana University. (New York: The Macmillan Company; London: Macmillan and Company. 1906. Pp. xii, 394.)

Two books in English have preceded this, bearing upon the same subject. One, by T. J. Lawrence, was written in 1904 in the midst of exciting events relating to war and neutrality. It is an unpretentious volume, stating briefly and with scarcely any citation of authorities what the author believed to be the law applicable to a variety of incidents which had deeply stirred the British public. It did not include even in the second edition the North Sea tragedy. Of necessity the acts upon which he commented could be but partially and inaccurately known to the author. But his conclusions were sound and their appearance timely. Professor Hershey quotes Lawrence freely and approvingly.

The other book, by Smith and Sibley, appeared in 1905 and is characterized by Hershey (p. 172 n.) as a "bulky and pretentious volume". It certainly is not a very satisfactory treatise because it wanders interminably from the point and is sometimes absurd and inaccurate. It does not discuss the causes of the war but confines itself to questions of prize and of neutrality.

The book under review has the advantage over its forerunners in that an additional year has enabled its author to secure a more accurate statement of facts, to marshal his authorities and precedents much more fully, to learn the result of appeal in certain admiralty cases, and to look at the war with rather more perspective. Professor Hershey has made excellent use of his time and opportunities. His book is an adequate, judicial, and thorough discussion of the many highly important events of the war in the East. As the title implies, there is diplomacy as well as law in it. The events prior to the war and its closing scenes at Portsmouth, with prize law and the rules of war and neutrality in between, form a kind of intellectual sandwich.

That, like its predecessors, it finds Russia alone at fault save in one minor instance was inevitable, for this is the conclusion which the facts warrant.

In the earlier diplomacy Hershey relies largely upon Asakawa's admirable volume, *The Russo-Japanese Conflict*. We have laid before us a calm, patient, painstaking narrative of the diplomatic moves